

THE DAILY REBEL

CHATTANOOGA

FRIDAY MORNING, FEB. 6, 1863.

LATEST FROM THE FRONT

A gentleman just from Middle Tennessee furnishes us the following interesting items of army news:

On last Saturday Gen. John H. Morgan captured three hundred prisoners at Reedyville.

A late copy of the Nashville Dispatch announces that the notorious "Bill Stokes," Colonel of a battalion of Federal cavalry, was shot in the abdomen, in an altercation with Capt. Fleming of Bedford county, at Nashville a few days since. The quarrel grew out of a discussion about the election of a Major for Stokes' Regiment. Fleming succeeded in effecting his escape. It is believed that Stokes' wound is dangerous.

Our informant also states that he has seen it stated frequently, in various Northern papers, received through our lines, that "Brute Butler" has been ordered to return to New Orleans to resume command there, and that Banks has been ordered to some new field of operations—supposed to be Texas. This announcement has been reiterated, time and again, by the Northern papers.

Late Northern papers state that General McCook is stopping at Cincinnati, and Roseau at Frankfort Kentucky. Both of these Generals are Division commanders in Rosecrans' army.

Trouble in the Yankee camp increases. Growing dissatisfaction and discontent, at times breaking into open revolt and mutiny keep the commanders in a constant stew of anxiety and worry. It is all they can do to keep their demoralized crew together. That the war of subjugation has grown unpopular in the Northwest, the late elections and recent outspoken sentiments of the press and the stump, fully convince us—but that the soldiers of the Federal army are tired of the war we have been satisfied in our own minds for a considerable time, and the impression is strengthened by the announcement of the frequent desertions recently. The dispatches tell us that North Mississippi is full of them, and that full five thousand have deserted from one division. While we can scarcely believe the desertions to have been so extensive as that, we are satisfied that the army of the Mississippi has been fearfully diminished of late by actual desertion from the Abolition standard. It behooves us of the South, in view of this state of things, to redouble our energies and follow up our advantages. Of all other periods of the revolution, at present, we should be more determined, more resolute than ever. We must shut our eyes against the delusive song of peace, until we see it in our grasp; we must set our teeth against any sort of proposition, from any quarter, that does not include our perfect independence, and we must not hope for the end of the war until we have won that peace by our own stout arms and defiant hearts. We are fighting to be let alone. If we ask our enemy to let us alone—to give us peace—we must demand it of him over the gleaming bayonet and with the torch above the cannon's muzzle.

Matters remain quiet in front. The heavy snow storm which visited us Tuesday, will probably check military operations for some time to come, though important movements are on foot, known only to whom it may concern, and which it might be imprudent to disclose. If Rosecrans designs an advance, he can only accomplish it by the turnpike roads—the other avenues being rendered impassable by the weather. We hear frequent rumors of "changes and transfers in important commands—but consider them merely the idle gossip of the camp. General Joseph E. Johnston, it is said, will direct the movements of our army in the future. The men have the greatest confidence in him, and he is as much a favorite with the Army of Tennessee as he was on the Potomac. Our army is being gradually increased by voluntary enlistments and by means of the conscription officers, and the health of the camp is as good as usual, considering the severity of the season.

Gen. Washington Bricks' address is: We have just received a familiar and characteristic epistle from the distinguished military leader. We cordially welcome the restoration of his ready pen to our columns. The very sight of his well-known orthography awakens pleasing recollections of his ally and the classic shades of Barks-horn.

A soldier belonging to the First Kentucky Squadron, Capt. Griffin's company, was shot by the Provost Guard at the house of a Mrs. Cooper in this place on Tuesday night, and died from the effects of the wound on Wednesday morning. We understand that the Guard was endeavoring to arrest the soldier when he resisted and knocked the Guard down. The Guard recovered his piece and leveling it on his assailant shot him through the body.

The Chicago Board of Trade have excluded the Chicago Times from its reading room, and also the Commercial reporter for said paper. The Times is a democratic paper and opposed to the administration.

Gen. T. T. Crittenden, who surrendered to Gen. Forrest at Murfreesboro, on the 12th of July last year, has been honorably acquitted by the Court of Inquiry in the affair.

If the Yankees have not actually hoisted the "black flag"—they certainly cannot deny that since the Proclamation of their King, they fight under the flag of the "blacks."

From the way some of our exchanges talk about foreign recognition, a stranger would imagine we were fighting for France and England instead of the Confederate States.

Snow fell here Tuesday night and yesterday to the depth of three inches. It was thawing yesterday with a mixed fall of sleet and drizzle.

Maj. A. E. Jackson, heretofore in the pay department of our army, has been appointed by the President a Brigadier General in the U. S. A.

Col. Frank C. Dunnington, our quondam comrade of the Nashville Press, arrived in this city Tuesday night from Maury County.

We received no dispatches, south last night. The lines are down, somewhere between here and Augusta.

Special Correspondence of the Rebel.

TULLAHOMA, Feb. 3, 1863.

MEMPHIS EDITORS:—Since I last wrote you we have had all "sorts" of weather, a little rain, a little snow, then a little more rain and snow, and to-day we have an abundance of sunshine and mud. Pedestrians find locomotion quite difficult, and in fact laborious, and I doubt exceedingly the ability of the army to make an advance or retrograde movement should the attempt be made. I understand an invitation has been sent "Roy" to come down, and believe it was done for the purpose of getting him stuck in the mud, and then he is "our meat." "Roy" declined the invitation on account of personal ill-health, and the fatigued and demoralized condition of his troops consequent upon their attendance of a grand military entertainment last Christmas, near Murfreesboro, at which time and place they were compelled to "dance" to much faster "music" than was expected by them. He concludes his letter declining the invitation by remarking that it is his conviction that his "vis a vis" is an adept in giving "dancing lessons" and complains that Hardee was not long in learning McCook how to "shuffle" and "back step" and says that McCook on being requested to "change his step" declared his inability to do so, and he immediately expelled old "Gutser" from the "set" and brought in Roseau, who he says, went "forward and back" a time or two, but it was not long before he too was taking the "shuffle" and finally the "backstep" so he "changed partners" and brought up Crittenden, and about this time he finds it impossible to keep time so he retired from the action. Poor "Roy!" he may be a good man but can't dance to "Southern music,"—by Enfield and Minnie, the two great composers.

Mrs. Geo. D. Prentice passed here yesterday en route for Louisville. She is a true woman, an excellent lady, but the wife of a "son of a gun." That is not cursing, or indecent, as our Bishop General has been heard to make use of the remark. Mrs. Prentice sympathizes with our cause, and it is natural that she should. Her sons are in our army, and her brother is a member of Gen. Cleburne's staff, and I will bet she has more love for them than for Geo. P. The army is rapidly increasing in strength, and presently we will be able to exclaim:—

"Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its base, as soon as I!"

—and possibly we may grow so strong, as to become impudent and excessively troublesome to old "Roy" and his boys. Methinks I hear you say—Amen!

The army is now being fully supplied with good tents and blankets—thanks to the energy of my Quartermaster friend, Maj. W. McMacken. I'll bet he can keep a hotel; at least a gentleman of his name could and did.

The Tusculum North Abolitionist of the 30th ult., furnishes the following particulars of a recent raid of Van Dorn at Holly Springs:

"A reliable gentleman who arrived in town yesterday from below, reports that Gen. Van Dorn made another attack on Holly Springs a few days ago capturing 700 prisoners, and cutting the Third Michigan Cavalry up very badly, only a few escaping."

The infamous scoundrel Capt. Latimer, who made himself infamous by his depredations in this county, and who had been burning houses and cutting up extensively about Holly Springs, was hung by order of Van Dorn, only ten minutes being allowed him to make his arrangements for his long journey.

LETTER FROM G. WASHINGTON BRICKS.
(Special Correspondence of the Daily Rebel.)
SHELBYVILLE, Feb. 2, 1863.

Editor Rebel:—When I shall have written this line, it will be the first I have penned since the fall of Donelson—now nearly a year ago. And my pen had still longer persisted in its masterly inactivity, were it not that the mismanagement of certain military affairs in this department, greatly to the detriment of my own personal interests, if not to those of the Confederacy, imperatively demands that I should call that pen into action and clamor trumpet for reform. Which I accordingly proceed to do.

As these Confederate States well know, I am not, in the strictest sense of the term, a military man. When a youth, I never had sufficient influence with a member of Congress to obtain a cadetship at West Point, and, as if for the express purpose of crushing my military aspirations at a blow, the General Assembly of my State abolished the militia law, about the time I was old enough to muster. The result is, that if I were aspiring to a brigade before a board of examiners, I could no doubt, especially with the aid of diagrams, illustrate the difference between a thirty-two pounder and a cannon of Enfield-rifle whistkey, but I am not rash enough to assert that I could establish a higher claim to the rank in question. Nevertheless, as it is the custom of the country now for everybody—fools and philosophers alike—to criticise with extreme wisdom and severity the most intricate movements of our commanders in the field—commanders of education and experience who know, or certainly ought to know, very nearly as much about the science of war as at least some of the exempt-from-conscription critics of the street corner and of the press, I can see no reason why I should not have a fling at the way things are managed as well as the rest of them. Hence, I venture to pen this communication, which I trust you will publish for the good of the service and of the country at large. If you decline to do so, I shall invoke the aid of a foreign power, and shall get Mr. Sanders, in a yacht with a select crew, to run the blockade with it at Charleston for the London Times, or as special instructions to Messrs. Mason and Sillwell for the National Intelligencer. In short, I have certain grave complaints to make, and if the grievances of which I shall complain are remedied at once, this Confederacy must then inevitably stand confessed the most stupendous failure in sacred or profane history.

One of the natural tendencies of these "big wars" which make ambition virtue," is to produce large crops of forage wagons, single and in trains; and it is with these I have to do. Permit me to curdle your young blood with a tale of horror. "The evening was glorious, and light through the trees, &c." For further particulars avail yourself of the first favorable spell of weather, and see Campbell's "Rainbow." To complete the sweet picture, the undersigned was howling along one of the turnpikes leading to this city, in a buggy which had recently cost him a sufficient quantity of Confederate currency to create a conflagration in a pile of wet mules, while by his side, in conscious security, (please do me the kindness to suppress Mrs. B's copy of your paper containing this) sat one of the loveliest daughters of Bedford. Our conversation was not remarkably tender, of course, nor was it unusually sentimental; but it was in the highest degree entertaining, for I did the most of it myself. I forbear to mention the subject. Suffice it to say, that in the midst of one of my finest flights of eloquence—and in justice to myself, I must be permitted to say they were all fine—we suddenly met a forage wagon. Never was the utterance of a sublime thought so suddenly choked off. It is a well established axiom that with a Yankee army wagon (of which style of conveyance there are now several in the hands of our forces) in the very middle of a narrow turnpike, it requires the highest order of genius to drive a buggy by without running quite off the road or smashing a wheel. I declined, in the enthusiasm of the moment, to be driven among the rocks of the wayside merely to gratify an ungenerally teamster's lazy disinclination to give his reins a single jerk and say "Geo!" when suddenly—crash!—halt! and—down it, hold on there! and one of my buggy wheels was spoked, and I, it is needless to say, was speechless.

There I was. And what was a still more melancholy state of facts, there the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Bedford was also. But worse than all (with the single exception of the wheelwright's bill for a new set of spokes) I was reduced to the heart-rending necessity of calling upon that delicate female, seated in the lap of luxury, where the winds of heaven were not permitted to visit her cheeks too roughly and whose feet were never intended to tread upon anything rougher than marbled and daisies, (which they could not possibly crush) to let herself out and walk two and a half miles ere the spires of the city became visible to the naked eye!

Our lives are made up of sunshine and shadow. The recollection of many a dark hour stored up in the treasure-house of every human heart. But the most melancholy moment of one's life is when he turns homeward and slowly leads his horse, with shattered harness hanging as funeral drapery about his heels, from the wreck of a smashed-up buggy.

The question is, why do these forage wagons take the middle of the road and persist in keeping it, especially when empty. In spite of the danger and inconvenience to which lighter vehicles are thereby subjected? Is it a "military necessity?" Is it in accordance with the army regulations? Or is it merely the result of discourtesy and don't-care-a-whit-ness on the part of the teamsters? Single forage wagons and the smaller trains should

give half the road, as other wagons are required to do. Instead of this, they run, with a few honorable exceptions, in a regular set of rutts of their own making, and the very d— himself can't get them out—or if he can he does not.

I have at stake a well earned reputation for piety and christian correctness of language, or I might mitigate these evils as I encounter them, by profane swearing. As it is, I have been compelled to employ a Professor of Profanity, at five dollars a day, one half in Tennessee money, to attend me in my drives and do the rough swearing of the trip. When a light accompanies me, he goes on horse-back, swearing fluently in five different languages besides his vernacular—which is Irish. Before I permanently engaged his valuable services I took him (as an experimental trip. We met a forage wagon. It kept the middle of the road. The accomplished Professor leaped from the buggy, flung his cap into the corner of the fence, and commenced pouring out a torrent of d—ns and other inverted conedictions which I venture to say, has never been surpassed, if ever equaled, since the invention of his beautiful art was first promulgated. At the expiration of three minutes and a half by the watch, he had upset the wagon, stamped the mules, and had thrown the teamster into a series of spasms (in which he lasted for nine hours and ended in hopeless insanity. I engaged him on the spot. But he is expensive, and if you will write a column or a column and a half daily against these miserable triumphs of might over right until they entirely cease, you will greatly oblige.

Very truly and sincerely,
and also quite affectionately, yours,
G. WASHINGTON BRICKS.

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